THE GENUINE

MEMOIRS

AND

Moſt ſurpriſing ADVENTURES, &c.

(Price Six-Pence.)

THE GENUINE

MEMOIRS

And Most Surprising

ADVENTURES

Of a Very Unfortunate

GOOSE-QUILL:

With an Introductory LETTER to

Mrs. *MIDNIGHT*'s TYE-WIG.

Γέλως μὴ πολὺς ἔστω, μηδὲ ἐπὶ παλλοῖς, μηδὲ ἀνειμένος.——

LONDON:

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TO THE
Unfortunate TYE-WIG.

SIR,

PEOPLE that are reduced to the low Degree that you and I are, by ſuch a Succeſſion of Misfortunes, are ſo univerſally avoided by all Ranks, that I am convinced a Correſpondent, even in my degraded Situation, muſt give you Pleaſure.

I need not inform a Perſon who has rubbed through ſo many unfortunate Hours, who has had the Honour to grace and dignify the Heads of ſo many Sciences and Profeſſions, that there is nothing can ſo greatly alleviate the

Miſeries, that ſuch Breaſts as ours throb with, as a ſincere Friend, to whom we can unburthen our Complaints.

I ſhould be happy, even in my Diſtreſs, to prove of the leaſt Service to you on this, or any other Occaſion; and hope you will think me worthy of ſuch a Connection, and be aſſured that I am,

Your unfortunate Well-wiſher,

THE GOOSE-QUILL.

The Genuine

MEMOIRS, &c.

IT is not without the greateſt Concern, that I am ſet down to recollect minutely thoſe happy undiſturbed Hours, that I, under the Protection of my Parent *Gooſe*, enjoyed in the purling tranſparent Rivulet, whoſe Banks, watered by this friendly Stream, afforded the moſt raviſhing Verdure, enamled with every vegetable Fragrance that bounteous Nature, proud to bid Welcome to the Spring, produces.

Never have I been ſince ſo happy in any Situation, as when my Mother, in all the Pomp of Vanity and Love, clapped her expanded Wings, and looked on me her greateſt Ornament; nor was I leſs a Favourite of the Milk-

white *Gander*, whoſe proud Form was the Admiration and Envy of the Inhabitants of our watry Kingdom.

In this tranquil State I ſpent three Years; whence I was plucked by the unrelenting Hand of my cruel Miſtreſs, and with ſome thouſands more, who ſhared the ſame Fate, was bundled up, and ſent to *London*, where I was ſold to a Stationer in the *Strand*, who tranſformed me into a *Pen*. Under this Metamorphoſe I was ſent to the Houſe of a very great Man, with whom I was a prime Favourite, for the Nicety of my Stroke. I was under dreadful Apprehenſions that this would prove a Service of much Fatigue to me, as he was a *Man of Buſineſs*; but I was agreeably deceived, by finding he never wrote any thing but his Name.

I might have long continued in this eaſy Service, had not an envious Hair been the Occaſion of my blotting; on which

which I was thrown with Indignation to the Ground; whence I was reſcued by Dr. *Waddle*, who took me into a Window in the Lobby, and wrote the following Letter:

To the Right Honourable the Lady MODISH.

MADAM,

IT is actually with the higheſt Satisfaction that I inform your Ladyſhip of the Reception I met with from my Lord. Really he is the politeſt Nobleman that ever I had the Honour to be acquainted with: His Lordſhip is ſo obliging as to promiſe me, that the Cuſtom-houſe Officers, upon your Ladyſhip's paying the Duty, and *ſatisfying them*, will immediately deliver your ſtrong Waters, which, it ſeems, are not contraband. As to the reſt, Madam, it is with the greateſt Concern that I am the Inſtrument of informing your Ladyſhip of the Death of your Parrot.

Your

Your Monkey, Madam, has been bit by the Ship Dog. I am credibly informed, that they have disagreed the whole Voyage. As I am apprehensive that a little Fever may arise from this Accident, I will immediately take a Boat, Madam, a Pair of Oars, and prescribe proper Remedies. I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obliged, and

Obedient humble Servant,

H. WADDLE.

Guess

Guess the Situation I was in, when I was convinced this learned Physician was to be my Master, which I was assured of, by being inclosed in a black Case, in which he put me into his Pocket.

The Doctor was as good as his Word. We arrived safe at *Wapping*, where we found the Monkey in a Situation that required the following Recipe; in which I had the Honour to be employed.

℞ Lap. Contrayerv. gr. *xv.*
Sal. Nit. purifs. ʒss.
Syr. Croci q. s. f. Bolus.
16ta. quaq; hora sumendus,
Superbibend. haust. sequent.
℞ Succ. Limon. ʒss.
Sal. Cor. C. Vol. ʒss.
Aq. Cinnam Ten. ʒj.
Spr. Croci.
Spr. L. Comp. ac. ʒj. *m.*

1 For Pugo.

April 27. 1751. H. W.

When we returned, we viſited a Lady of Quality, who was an Authoreſs, and being big with a Thought, called eagerly for a Pen; on which my Maſter, with his uſual Politeneſs, delivered me up, at the ſame time proteſting upon his Reputation, he had really never made uſe of a better.

Imagine, Friend Perrywig, what Tranſports I felt on this Tranſmutation. It was now I almoſt began to bleſs thoſe Hands which tore me from my original State, and which I had before diſtinguiſhed by the harſh Epithets of Cruel and Unrelenting.

I now formed to myſelf that I was to be the happy Inſtrument, ſometimes of painting thoſe amiable, delicate Senſations which ſhould be dictated by the Heart of my Miſtreſs to ſome diſtant Friend; or that I ſhould be the joyful Cauſe of bidding her abſent Huſband Welcome to her warmeſt Affections,

and

and complain of the cruel, though neceſſary, Avocation, that detained him; and then with every gentle kind Expreſſion that her fond Love afforded, conjure him to diſpatch his Buſineſs, and haſten his Return; to ſay how every Circumſtance that brought him to her Memory, added new Force to her Deſire of being with him.

I now thought myſelf inliſted in the Service of Chaſtity and good Senſe; but, alas! I was ſoon awakened from this golden Dream, by finding myſelf now in an higher Rank of Proſtitution, than I thought Infamy itſelf could poſſibly arrive at.

My whole Employment was to blacken that Character I thought ſo fair, and to draw a Cloud of Obſcurity and Deteſtation over that Sun I had but juſt before been idoliſing;——to turn that ſociable domeſtic Happineſs, which I had flattered myſelf withal,

into an unwarrantable and ſcandalous Defamation of the Perſon, who only could have a Right to thoſe Favours which ſhe made me boaſt of her having granted to ſo many Purchaſers of her hackneyed Adultries.

When this deteſtible Heroine thought ſhe had effectually got rid of every Suſpicion of Virtue, ſhe delivered me into the Hands of Surgeon Scribble, at whoſe kind of Genius I was not much diſpleaſed; and do aſſure you he employed me in writing ſeveral Volumes upon Nothing.——

One Morning we received a Viſit from a very ingenious Poet, who gave me a Conveyance, in his Button-hole, to an Apartment up four Pair of Stairs in *Little Wild-ſtreet*, where I had the Honour of being immortalized by the following

MONODY,

II.

MONODY,

On a Lady's Favourite BITCH.

HAIL ſolemn Fancy, prompt my mournful Song,
And with thee bring ſelf-torturing Grief along;
Rummage the Cavern of Deſpair,
Bid drooping Melancholy come,
Bring all the Woe that waits on her,
To weep o'er hapleſs Chloe's *Tomb.*
Chloe, *who never fail'd, with wanton Play,*
(Well pleaſed, whene'er I ſtrok'd her beauteous Ears)
To court my Love; ſhe on my Lap would lay,
Free from all Dangers, unalarm'd by Fears,
The ſportive Partner of each happy Day.

II.

Where were ye Muſes, when my Chloe *dy'd,*
How were ye then employ'd?
Ye were not near her Cuſhion placed,
Nor on the Graſs-plat, where ſhe wont to play,
Phœbus, *thy Pow'r was ne'er ſo much diſgrac'd,*
As on that luckleſs, ill-protected Day,
When all your Force was try'd in vain!
Why, Gunnings, *would you not your Tea apply?*
Careful of ſome happy Swain,
You let poor unregarded Chloe *die?*

III.

Each fragrant Flower, and ev'ry ſhady Grove,
Where the dear Wanton us'd to rove,
Fade, as a Mark of their departed Love!

Thou

Thou loneſome Cuſhion, where ſhe us'd to lie,
No more ſhall ſhe bedeck thy crimſon Dye:
Here, Muſes, tho' it was not in your Pow'r
To ſhield her in the ſad diſtreſsful Hour,
When ſhe gave up her Breath,
Yet to her Memory plait a laſting Wreath.
You whoſe ſad Accents wept at Marble-Hall *,
O'er the great *Suffolks* little *Fav'rites Fall.*
O let your Lyres lament my Chloe *gone,*
With the ſame deep, majeſtic rueful Tone.

With this Performance I was carried to Lady *Racket*, to whom this unhappy Favourite did belong; where my Poet, in a Fit of Abſence, left me on her Toilet; and ſhe immediately employed me in writing the following Letter:

My

* There is a little Lap-dog buried there in great Pomp.

My Dere Garl,

IT is with grate Pleſur I ſend you Word that Lord *Dupe* is undoutly your humbil Sarvent: *he and Sir you know who did not drink Chocolate with me this Morning to be ſure*; and *only think of* my being ſo ſtuned with your Chams, that my Dr. Sr. **** had not Time to ſay a pretty Thing to me.

Adieu Dere Garle till I am with you which will be a Quarter of an Hour at longiſt when I hope I ſhall ſee you in good Health.

Her Ladyſhip had hardly finiſhed this Billet, when a Gentleman was ſhewn into the Room, whoſe Diffidence, and a modeſt Peculiarity of Deportment, gained in me a Partiality for him. I was greatly pleaſed with the Humility, with which he mentioned

oned his worthy and ingenious Patron the Earl of *C****d*, whoſe Judgment, I believe, never failed in diſtinguiſhing Merit, nor his Generoſity in rewarding it.——His Buſineſs with this Lady was to beg her Intereſt with her Friends, to be preſent the firſt Night of his Tragedy, which was then in Rehearſal, and a Night given out for the Performance of it.

She told him, the firſt Night of a Play was a delightful Thing, and ran over the Names of a great Number of Women of the firſt Diſtinction, that never miſſed; and withal added, ſhe hoped there would be a Riot; that ſhe adored a Riot; that Lord *Rattle* and Sir *Harry Shallow* ſhould poſitively be of her Party; and they were the very beſt Hands in the World.

The Author had not been uſed to this kind of polite flighty Converſation; but recollecting himſelf as much as he could

could from the Surprize this ſtrange Phænomenon had occaſioned, he informed her Ladyſhip, that a Riot would prove of the worſt Conſequence to him, as the Performance had coſt him a great deal of Time and Labour; and that his preſent Circumſtances made him anxious for the Succeſs of it.

Circumſtances, Sir, ſaid ſhe! why bleſs me, are not you a Man of Fortune? Upon that ſhe flew in Rage to the Bell, and ordered the Fellow to ſhew him to the Door.

In the Hurry and Confuſion I was rolled up in the Tragedy, and carried to a Manager of the Play-Houſe, who diſmiſſed my Friend, by ſaying, He was ſorry his Piece could not be produced till next Winter; that it was true he had promiſed him; but that in ſhort his *beſt Actreſs* could not play;

play; and it would be for neither of their Credits to attempt it.

Upon this we were going to the other Houſe; but were met by a Performer, a *Friend* of my Maſter's, who, upon hearing his Intention, ſhook him by the Hand, and deſired he would ſtep into the *Bedford*; which he accordingly did. And ſo *Harry*, ſays he, laughing, I imagined you knew better, than to think of bringing your Tragedy to our Houſe; Tragedy! why, Sir, the preſent Taſte is ſo refined, that the beſt Tragedy we have will hardly pay the Expences of the Houſe.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have been ſo taken up with this Tragedy of your's, that you have not been lately at this End of the Town: In the firſt Place, there is *my Farce*. Your Farce, Sir,—My *Farce*, Sir, yes, Sir, my *Farce*,

Queen Mab Sir; why, who the Devil do you keep Company! for, I will venture to ſay, there is not a Man or Woman of *Faſhion* that is not at it every Night: Then there is *Gill Blaſs*, and our Maſque, which we can fully rely on for crowded Houſes the whole Seaſon.

My Maſter not being in a Diſpoſition to reliſh this kind of Rattle, got up, and made his Bow.

From thence we went to viſit a neighbouring Juſtice of the Peace, who is no leſs remarkable for his Learning and Ingenuity, than for the Execution of that Office, in which he is a public Good.—I muſt be allowed a very competent Judge in this Particular,—as I was the Inſtrument of committing to Puniſhment Criminals of every Kind, who were conſtantly brought before him.

In the Hours that he could be ſpared from this great Duty, I was employed in a Performance that was intended to correct the Morals of Mankind, which appear (and more particularly to him) in the moſt abject and deplorable State.

My Maſter's Clerk, one Day, took me to the Cyder-Cellar in *Maiden-Lane*, where he had an Appointment to ſmoke a Pipe with a certain Clergyman, who deſires more to be remarkable for his Jollity than Divinity — It was obſerved by the Company, that this Gentleman was very *dull*. *He* ſaid, he was not uſually ſo; that indeed he was at this time a little out of Humour, which was occaſioned by his meeting one Mr. *Peſtle* at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, who had been talking to him like an Apothecary; but that he'd let him feel the Force of his Satire,

and

and by that Means ſhew him how dangerous it was for ſuch Pretenders to Writing to inſult the *Horace* of the Age——Upon that, he ſnatched hold of me as the Inſtrument of Revenge; and, in ſomething leſs than five Days, produced the following ſevere Lines—which he inſerted in one of the publick News-Papers, with no other Inconveniency than that of paying Three Half-Crowns, a trifling Sum, for the joint Purchaſe of Revenge and Fame.

LINES

LINES

Compoſed upon

Mr. ZOILUS PESTLE,

A very vain, ſilly, ſcribbling Apothecary.

WHEN half Peſtle's Patients were
poiſon'd with Drugs,
And t'other half frighten'd had left
him;
When none wou'd ev'n uſe him to drive
away Bugs,
And hard Hap *of all Friends had*
bereft *him.*
Reclin'd *on his Mortar*, all *penſive he*
moan'd;
(For Hunger makes moſt People
dreary;)

Till

Till thus, after oft *having piteouſly*
groan'd,
He began on a ſudden to query.
Ye Siſters, who ſnip *the frail Thread of*
Mens Lives,
What Crime has your Help-mate
committed?
If my old Brother Manſbane *is* honour'd,
who thrives,
I that fail, ſure deſerve to be pity'd.
But ſince you that rule Fate forget your
beſt Friends,
Can you blame who your Service
refuſes?
I know but one Scheme which a Dinner
attends;——
And therefore—have at ye Miſs Muſes.
Thank my *Wit,* there's ſome Hope yet
left theſe ſad Times;
Beſides,—they're my diſtant Relations:

For

For Phœbus, all know, made both Purges
and Rhimes,
And flouriſh'd in both his Vocations.
Let Phlegmatic Divines preach on if
they will,
That there's Sin in injurious Requit-
ings;
My Neighbours may fancy they're ſafe
from my Skill,
But I'll vomit them yet with my
Writings.
This ſaid—In the Inſtant he rummag'd all
round
In his Draw'rs, on each Shelf for a
Whetter *of Spleen*;
Many Crums of Sal this, *and* Sal t'other,
he found,
But the Devil a Grain *of* Sal Attick
was ſeen.

In

——

I

In vain this Collector of Simples *sought on,*
And tumbled *o'er Boxes and Bladders* full twenty:
'Mongſt his Treaſures of that he moſt wanted was none,
But then in its ſtead there were *Coſtives* in plenty.
At length, when ſcarce able his Croſſes to bear,
Lo! of Opium *he finds* a moſt terrible Doſe;
Yet long he debated, in very *Deſpair,*
If to take it himſelf—or give it his Foes.
He offer'd the Opium *to me t'other Day,*
And ſneeringly ſaid, 'Tis becauſe I'm your Friend;
Bad me write no more Stuff, nor come in his Way,
And hence I have written; ſo here let it end.——

I was ſent with this unequalled Performance to the Printer's in *Newgate-Street*, by which Means I fell into the Hands of the *extraordinary Fellow*, whoſe Buſineſs it was, to aſſiſt the News-Writers; and who had placed me between you and his Ear, when I fell to the Ground, at the Time when the *French* Dancing-Maſter threw you into the Flames.

But alas I was taken up again, and carried to this *execrable Hackney Scribler's* Lodgings in *Gin-Lane*, where, to add to my Wretchedneſs, he employs one End of me to get him a *Dinner*, and the other to cleanſe the corrupted Filth from his rotten Teeth.

This is an exact and impartial Narrative of the Occurrences rhat have befel

Your Humble Servant,

Gln-Lane

And Brother Sufferer,

GOOSE-QUILL.

FINIS.